

WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS COLL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XIII—NO. 32.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1861.

WHOLE NO 656.

RAYMOND CASTLE.

A LEGENDARY TALE.

ON the borders of Scotland, in an obscure glen, surrounded by a deep and almost impassible moat, formerly stood the castle of Baron Raymond; once the favorite residence of that noble family. The exiling Baron had retired from the seat of his progenitors about twenty years to a newly erected mansion, some thirty miles distant, on a report which was rife among his domestics that the image of the late lord was frequently seen in an apartment on the west side of the castle. This opinion of the castle being haunted was readily adopted by the surrounding peasantry; and no one, after the close of day, dared venture within sight of it.

At this period a war between England and Scotland raged with incredible fury; and the youth of each nation were invited to join the standard of their respective sovereigns. The Baron Raymond exerted his interest among his tenants and vassals, in favor of king David; but such were the devastations of the Scottish monarch and his marauding army, that many of his subjects joined the forces of the victorious Edward.

Among the numerous clans and individuals, that fled from Scotland, was a youth of majestic mien and manly form, the son of a vassal of the house of Raymond; who having from his infancy discovered a propensity for war, had engaged the notice of the Baron, and with his son, two years younger, had been instructed in the use of arms. Glanville, for such was the name of the young peasant, suspecting that his lordship would command his attendance upon lord Edward, then on the point of setting out to join the forces of his sovereign, privately stole away from the village, intent to follow the banners of the British monarch.

Having continued his walk the whole day, he reached the skirts of a gloomy forest, that sheltered from the rude blasts of the north the castle of Raymond. He stood a few minutes and gazed on the scene around, in hopes of discovering some cot, or shepherd's hovel, where he might pass the night. No one appearing, he struck into the forest, and after half an hour's walk arrived at the opposite side; the sun had now sunk beneath the horizon, and its last reflections, which pointed upon the lofty battlements, discovered to him the abandoned castle. He was an utter stranger to this part of the country, and, consequently, knew not the house to which he was hastening, that it was uninhabited, or that it was denominated the Haunted Castle. His nearer approach discovered to him that it was untenanted; but his weary limbs required rest, and he therefore determined to pass the night in the venerable structure. The last glimpse of day had fled the sky when Glanville reached the moat, or rather ditch, for it was entirely dry, and the banks having fallen in, formed an easy access to the house. The building was composed of two wings, or turrets, with a spacious dome in the centre, the door of which time had mouldered into dust, and, without resistance, the weary traveller was admitted. A rustling kind of noise succeeded the entrance of the young adventurer, and, for the

first time in his life, he felt an emotion somewhat allied to fear;—but his breast, the seat of innocence and virtue, soon repelled the trembling visitor, and assumed its wonted calmness.

The cautious youth, before he left his parents' house, aware that the country, through which he had to pass, was thinly inhabited, and bare of accommodations, had taken with him those implements by which that necessary element, fire, is raised into action; and which to a traveller, in a country barren of inhabitants, is so very essential. Having, therefore, procured a light, he found himself in a spacious hall, overgrown with weeds and rubbish; round the wall and ceiling, which were very lofty, the clustering ivy crept; and here the solemn bird of night enjoyed, unmolested and at ease, her solitary reign, where, sheltered from the inclemency of the sky, she built her nest and reared her young. The strange appearance of the light alarmed the moping race, and taking wing, they fled from their once peaceful dwelling, and this unwelcome guest. The noise which their sudden flight occasioned echoed through the vaulted dome, and again called forth in the mind of the astonished Glanville, the tremors of fear, which subsided with the knowledge of the cause from whence the sounds arose. All was again silent, and the youth advanced. A flight of steps, rising from the hall, led to the western tower; thence Glanville ascended, and soon reached a suit of rooms, dispoised of every article of furniture. Extending his search, he reached a door, in which he discovered a key, but discovered with rust, that indicated its refusal of executing the office for which it was designed. Its service, however, was unnecessary; for on touching the lock, the door immediately opened, and discovered a small, but neat apartment, which, from the furniture it contained, had the appearance of once having been a lady's dressing-room. On a table, placed between two gothic windows, stood a looking glass, near which lay a small casket, Glanville, resting his lamp upon the table, took it up, and placing his finger on the spring, it flew open, and presented the miniature of a youth in the habit of an officer; he approached the light to have a more perfect view of the face, and, starting a few paces back, exclaimed, "Father of Mercy! What do I see?—My very self in this counterfeit presentment!" In the greatest astonishment he took it from the casket, and on the obverse side read the following words: "Wentworth, sixth Lord Raymond."

"From this it appears," said he, "that the resemblance of the late Lord Raymond is here preserved. I have heard the prelate Baron did leave the castle of his ancestors on an idle report, that his immediate predecessor, after death, was often seen wandering among the chambers in his earthly habitation. If in this there be any sense of truth, then, it should seem, I am now inclosed within the walls of this deserted mansion. A thousand thoughts," continued he, "rush into my mind, and would be heard. I do recollect me, walking in the park one evening, to have seen the Baron bending on the vacant air his disordered eye, and holding with the wind discourse: his frame shook, as if his hour of dissolution was

drawing near, and, as I passed, he shrieked aloud and fell lifeless on the ground. Often has he seized my arm and gazed with streaming eyes upon my face. Once, I well remember, repeating this, his frequent practice, he heaved a deeply sigh, and cried, Glanville, thou art the very semblance of my murdered uncle. The words, and the action that did accompany them, are still fresh in my memory; and, at this moment, I know not wherefore, occur with more than common force: but I am too weary for thinking, and sleep lies heavy on my eyes. Here will I rest myself this night," said he, throwing himself upon a sofa, which stood in the room, "and to-morrow, will give these things a farther thought."

Fatigue had so oppressed the spirits of the youthful traveller, that he soon fell into a profound sleep. His repose was undisturbed; nor did he shake his slumber off till the sun beams darted full upon his face, through the broken lattice of his apartment. Starting from his couch, he gazed like one just awaked from a dream, suspended in doubt, till the adventures of the preceding day recurred to his memory, whether that he saw was real, or the vision of created fancy. "If there is ought to be believed in dreams," said he, "then those I have had to night portend some strange event. Methought as I lay sleeping, a spectre, issuing from that door, approached the couch and gazed attentive on my face. Long I stood in mute and silent admiration: I saw the tear of sorrow trembling in his eye; the smile of hope succeeded, and, as he left the room I rose to watch his departure, when, his eyes still bent on me, in a hollow tone of voice he cried—At the mid hour of night, fail not to meet me here—then instantly vanished from my sight. But this," continued he, after a short pause, "is the work of mimic fancy, an idle dream, no more."

"More!" answered a hollow voice, from beneath.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the wondering youth "such was the voice that I heard in my sleep!—Say, thou invincible and perturbed spirit, are those things, which in my slumber's busy memory treasured up, real, or—of sportive fancy? Speak, for on thy answer depends my return to this lonely mansion."

"At the mid hour of night, fail not to meet me here!" answered the voice, in the same hollow tone.

"Then rest in peace," said Glanville, "for by the hopes of conquest that fire a soldier's breast I will meet thee at the appointed hour."

A hallow groan succeeded, accompanied with a loud and thundering noise, that shook the very foundation of the castle.

When the noise had ceased, Glanville, falling on his knees, solicited from Heaven fortitude and courage to meet the horrors of the approaching night, and then taking from the table his sword, together with the casket that contained the miniature of the late Baron, he descended the same flight of steps which had conducted him to the apartment where he had passed the night; and having re-crossed the moat, ascended a neighboring hill, on the brow of which he perceived

miserable hut. The tenants of this clay-built tenement received him with hospitality, and offered him such refreshment as their hovel afforded, which, poor and humble as it was, proved very acceptable to Glanville, who had not tasted food from the time he left his father's house.

From the door of this cottage the towers of the abandoned castle were seen full peeping above the surrounding trees; and Glanville, whose thoughts were wholly occupied in reflecting on the occurrences of the preceding evening, and in anticipating those events which the womb of futurity labored to bring forth, anxiously questioned his hosts on the subject of the building being deserted by its owner and left to moulder and decay. From these he learned the name of the castle, and the circumstance which had determined Lord Raymond to leave it; but of the former Baron they possessed not the least knowledge.

The agitation of his mind received no relief from this information, and having thanked these cottagers for the repast they had afforded him, he bade them good day, and directed his way towards the forest, in which he intended to pass the remainder of the time between the present, and the hour which was to lead him to the castle.

[To be continued]

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

HADING, King of Denmark, and **Hunding**, King of Sweden, tired with the fruitless battles they had fought against each other, and the profusion of blood and treasure spent to no purpose, resolved upon a peace as cordial and sincere as ever their animosity was bitter. They swore a perpetual alliance, and entered into a very extraordinary agreement, that when one should be informed of the other's death, the survivor should immediately lay violent hands on himself. After they had reigned with great felicity for some years, the news came to Upsal that Hading was no more. This was false; but Hunding had not patience to wait for a confirmation; he resolved to die, and immediately prepared a magnificent entertainment, assembled all his officers around him, plied them with wine, and at the close of the feast, flung himself into a vessel full of hydromel, where he perished. The Danish monarch received the news with the utmost grief, and that he might equal his friend in generosity, hanged himself in sight of the whole court. Such is one instance of what, in rude ages, was celebrated as pure friendship.

COURTSHIP.

THE sweetest intercourse, perhaps, which mortals know is that experienced in the hours of **COURTSHIP**, where affection is strong and reciprocal; and the reason of this is clear; the mutual wish to please will be productive of every agreeable sensation; and the knowledge, that each is to the other more dear than language can express, dispels every unpleasant reflection, and makes us for a while forget that we are vulnerable by worldly accidents.

FRAGMENT OF A SEA JOURNAL.

NEVER perhaps was the true pathos more completely exemplified, than in a journal kept by a gentleman, of his voyage to America from England. "Two days past, a most violent gale of wind. At 9 o'clock this morning we began to ship much water, the billows now climbing on air to the sky and now sluggishly sinking to the infernal world; the ship's prow now pointing to the zenith, and now flabbing the forward mountain of waters. Well might we cry out, great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty, and in wisdom hast thou made them all. This tremendous conflict of the outrageous elements ceased not its stupendous encounter, till the affrighted sun retreated from the horrid engagement, behind the western waves, when we went to the cabin and made a late dinner of cod fish and boiled beef."

A CAUTION TO THE AVARICIOUS.

WHEN Saladin the Great, Emperor of the Turks, was dying he commanded that no solemnity should be used at his funeral; but that his shirt, in the manner of an ensign, made fast to the point of a lance, should be carried before his dead body, a plain Priest going before and crying thus aloud to the people: "Saladin, Conqueror of the East, of all the greatness and riches he had in this life, carrieth with him after his death nothing more than his shirt to the grave."

REMARK.

Praise undeserv'd is satire in disguise.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

MARY.

"Is there beneath Love's noble name,
"Can harbor dark the selfish aim
"To bless himself alone?"

BURNS.

SEE yonder wretch, to guilt, to want a prey,
To virtue ever lost, and lost to shame,
Whose mirth obscene and impious jests betray
That even of decency she wants the name---

That once was **MARY**! chaste as mountain snow---
Abless and young, her heart the flatterer gain'd,
Breath'd in her ear of ardent love the vow,
And still a pure and endless passion feign'd.

She lov'd---she fell---betray'd by winning art---
Alas! ye maids, who boast unfeigned fame,
Scorn not the victim of a tender heart,
A heart, which never knew of fraud the name.

Then lost---abandon'd---careless of her fate,
What varied sufferings has the wand'ring known!
What unknown miseries fill her steps await!
Or can they for her weight of guilt atone.

Dejected wretch! tho' left of all but Heaven,
Noting the guilt that ever loads thy soul;
To thy betrayer be the odium given,
To him---the first---the fatal cause of all.

Where is he now?---among the young and gay,
In mirth and revelry he spends the hours,
Or for some newer victim frames the lay,
The melting lay of foul seducing powers.

Yet tho' upon his cheek the smile he wears,
Tho' from his lips the madd'ning jest still flows,
Oh! think not that his breast is free from cares,
Or that he tastes of undisturb'd repose.

For oft, amidst the gloomy veil of night,
Thy form---how chang'd!--shall glide in vision by,
Then guilt and horror shall his soul affright,
And memory of the past awake the sigh.

And still Remorse, with all her sadd'ning train,
The ruminations with, deep sigh, and dark regret,
Shall ever in his anguish'd bosom reign,
And cloud each op'ning sunshine of his fate.

May 20, 1801.

M.

THE MAY SPRIG.

THIS Sprig of sweet May which she gave from her breast,
What an emblem it is of my love!--
'Tis the fairest, the sweetest, the gayest, the best---
The boast and the pride of the grove!

And the sweet little buds, that begin to unfold,
Her mind's soft attractions pourtray:
In the same tender state, while more precious than gold,
They shall bloom---like the blossoms of May!

And must I the stinking resemblance extend?---
I must---tho' 'tis done with a sigh!
Alike to decay all their beauties must bend;
Alike they must wither, and die!

Here it ends, and the contrast commences---for when
The Sprig back to earth shall be giv'n,
My **ANNA** shall blossom, and flourish again,
Both fairer and sweeter,---in Heav'n!

Yet now while their beauties so aptly combine,
Our tribute of love let us pay:---
Come, **Sapphires**, the Sprig with your wreath intertwine,
And crown her the Queen of the May!

THE PARTING. A SONNET.

OH, God! it is no very easy task
To shake the hand, articulate "adieu!"
When the soul's meaning spurns the specious mask,
And gives the last, last look, to speechless feeling true;
For Friendship never could its sense express,
Nor warmer Love its pang of parting tell,
But oft the hand, extended to caress
[well!] The lip of sweetest Faith, where loiters long---"Fare-
Like coward flies---nor takes the grappling grasp
Of that close, clinging, following fool---the Heart;
Nor yet Affection's wild and bosom clasp,
With kiss of honey'd glue, that knows not how to part.
Yes! I have fled full oft, and smother'd with a smile
A heart with anguish rent---weeping life-blood the while!

OBI, OR THREE-FINGER'D JACK.

[The following account of this grand Pantomimic Exhibition is extracted from the London Monthly Mirror, and to those who have read the narrative of that famous Negro robber, a few years since the terror of the Island of Jamaica, it cannot fail of interesting.---We are informed that this magnificent spectacle is in rehearsal, and will, on Wednesday evening, be represented at the Theatre in this city.]

Mr. FAWCETT, to whom the public are indebted for this most interesting and original exhibition, has considerably improved the subject, and heightened its dramatic effect, by an episode, which connects admirably with the story of Jack, and, independent of its individual interest, serves to display, in the strongest colors, the ferociousness, cunning, and cruelty of the fable hero, and to render him a still more formidable and terrific object to the spectator. Captain Orford, a young officer beloved by Rosa, daughter to one of the principal planters on the island, is surprised by three-finger'd Jack; conveyed to his cavern; and confined in an adjoining cell. Rosa in hope of meeting her lover, assumes the male habit, and accompanies Quashee and Sam in their expedition against the common foe. Exhausted with fatigue, and terrified by a dreadful storm of thunder & lightning, she is compelled to linger behind her companions; when the ever watchful black, springing from his retreat, defends with his prize to the subterranean dwelling. The scene which follows, in point of construction, situation, and all the minutiae by which an audience is conducted from one point of suspense to another, and, finally, to a state of breathless and inexpressible anxiety, is, perhaps, the most ingeniously contrived, and satisfactorily executed, that the stage of this or any other country has presented. Rosa, without knowing it, is a few yards only from the object of her search and solicitude. Jack, feeling himself in want of repose, for his own personal safety, and the secure custody of his young prisoner, manacles both her hands with a strong cord, fastening one end of the rope to a corner of his cave, and retaining the other in his own possession. She is thus rendered almost motionless. The key to Captain Orford's dungeon, with the assistance of the ladder by which they descended into this retreat, he had previously hung on a nail, on the highest point of the cavern, and the ladder itself he afterwards fastened, by a lock, to the ground. Escape appears hopeless, and the means of unshackling her person seem next to impossible. Female ingenuity, however, furnishes a resource in this dilemma. The lamp still continues burning on the table---Rosa applies the cord to the flame and recovers the use of her hands. A deep groan, followed by the ejaculation of her name, arrests her farther progress. She instantly recognizes the voice of her lover---but how to obtain a sight of him, or to open the door of his confinement? The key, which, after some interval, catches her eye, is suspended out of all human reach. By the aid of an old table, a chair, and a stick, she at length succeeds in removing it from the nail---but it falls with violence to the ground. Jack, disturbed at the noise, turns round upon the bench which served for his bed. A moment of dreadful apprehension ensues---He relapses, however, into sleep, and Rosa accomplishes her object. Her lover is discovered in a posture devised by the most subtle cruelty. He is immediately released from this situation; but the obstacles to the lover's escape still appear as formidable as ever. Jack's position being under the mouth of the cave, threatens every attempt to approach it with detection. Necessity is ever fertile of expedients. The table, which had been before so serviceable, is quietly placed over the sleeping negro, and, with this help, Rosa and her companion reach the outlet of their prison in safety.

The success of this ballet has been almost unprecedented. It has been performed upwards of twenty nights, and it still appears to be in the zenith of its perfection.

REPARTEE.

A **GRANDEE** of Spain handing some refreshments to a circle of ladies, observed one with a most brilliant ring, but her hand was not one of the most charming; he had the rudeness to say loud enough to be heard by the lady, "I should prefer the ring to the hand." "And I," said the lady, (looking at the collar he wore, as bespeaking his dignity,) "should prefer the collar to the beast."

THE SEASON.

THRO' the neighboring fields the sower stalks,
With meadow'd steep; and, hbr'al, throws the grain
Into the faithful bosom of the ground;
The harrow follows harsh and shuts the scene.

SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1801.

The ship Suffolk arrived at this port on Tuesday evening in 26 days from London, with advices to the 18th April, inclusive.

They announce, amongst other events of considerable consequence, the death of the Emperor Paul of Russia; the passage of the Sound by the British fleet, and the destruction of the armed vessels at Copenhagen; the possession of Hanover by Prussia; and of Hamburg by Denmark.

The change in Russia it is supposed will operate in favor of Britain. The death of the Emperor, it is reported, was occasioned by a fit of the apoplexy, but poison it is believed accomplished the measure. His successor, Alexander the First, has already discovered a disposition to pursue a different policy, and the Russian Ambassador in England, who had retired from London, is about to return to resume his functions.

INFAMY.

Extract of a letter from Charleston, (S. C.) dated April 18th to a gentleman in Baltimore.

"I thought you were all Republicans in your city!... Let me convince you that there are some among you who disgrace not only the name of freemen, but even the title of human beings. There now lays in our port the ship Venner, under Danish papers, the Captain of which is a Marylander by birth;—this ship was fired out of Baltimore about five or six months since; from whence she sailed direct for the coast of Africa, where the Captain purchased a cargo of human flesh, to the number of one hundred and sixty-five males; these poor beings, he sold at the Island of Cuba, for 500 dollars each; and has come here for the purpose of purchasing another outward cargo, in order to return for another lot of live stock to Africa. My heart aches while I relate this horrid fact!—Can it be possible that the sham of Danish papers can protect a ship employed in such an infamous pursuit, or that the face of becoming a bawler of a Danish Island, should allow a native born citizen of the United States, to pursue a traffic foreign to the laws of this country, of humanity, and of God."

LONDON, April 16.

The Park and Tower guns were fired yesterday at two o'clock, to announce a complete Naval Victory we have gained over our ancient Ally, the Danes. Capt O way, Sir Hyde Parker's Second Capt arrived in the forenoon at the Admiralty, with dispatches, containing the official account of this Engagement, the particulars of which were immediately communicated to the Lord Mayor in the following letter:—

"My Lord,

"I have the satisfaction to acquaint your lordship, that a dispatch is received from Sir Hyde Parker, dated the 6th inst. giving an account of an attack having been made on the 2d under command of Lord Nelson, on the enemy's ships, composing the Line of Defence at Copenhagen, consisting of two decked ships, frigates, and floating batteries, and, that after a severe conflict, which lasted several hours, the principal part of the Line was silenced, and of 25 ships and vessels which composed it, 18 were taken or destroyed, including in that number 7 ships of the Line.

"The loss on our side has been 423 killed, and 641 wounded; among the former are Captains Møls and Riou and among the latter Capt. Sir T. B. Thompson. I have the pleasure to add, that Sir Hyde Parker was at anchor with his fleet before Copenhagen, when the officer left him on the 6th inst. and that none of his ships or vessels had been lost or disabled.

ST. VINCENT.

Admiralty, Two o'clock, P. M.
April 15, 1801.

In the above action, one of the Danish 74's had all her guns dismounted except one, and all her men killed but ten.

After the above action, Lord Nelson under a flag of truce, went on shore at Copenhagen, where he was treated as a patient officer, and had an audience with the Danish Monarch. His demands are three millions, all their men of war, a free passage, &c.

COPENHAGEN, April 4.

The English Fleet, under admirals Parker and Nelson, was in three divisions; two of which, under admiral Nelson, consisting of about 40 large and small ships, about half after ten in the morning of the 2d, attacked the right wing of our line of defence, which consisted of only four or five block ships, run on the ground. The batteries, which were to cover them, could afford them but little protection, as the English ships were almost out of the reach of their shot; and as it is said could they receive from our forts, the floating batteries, or the left wing of the line of defence. Yet did these block ships, only supported by three large and a few smaller ships, defend themselves so bravely, that they were not conquered till half after 3, when almost the whole of their crews were either killed or wounded; only 20 or 30 men remaining in each ship, who then retired, leaving the wreck to the English. Admiral Nelson then sent a flag of truce, with proposals for an armistice, which was agreed to for an indefinite time. Yesterday Lord Nelson himself came on shore, and dined with our hereditary Prince.

Our loss is killed and wounded, amounts to 1500 or 2000 men; the loss on board the English fleet must be much greater.

The English fleet, after the battle, took an advantageous position, as the right wing of our line of defence can no longer make any resistance. The Lunette Quinze, and the contiguous fortifications, to the fire of which the English will be exposed, should they renew the attack, have mounted on them 100 thirty six pounders.

SHOCKING MURDER.

A letter from Bordeaux, inserted in the last Paris papers, contains the following account of a horrible crime, perpetrated a few days before in the neighbourhood of Blaye:

A farmer had sold some cattle to a person of that vicinity, at a certain credit. On the day of payment, not being able to go himself, he refused to send his daughter for the money. The latter had a lover, to whom she communicated the object of her journey; and it may be naturally supposed that the invited him, and that he promised to accompany her. But secretly had he received this proof of his mistress's confidence, when the miscreant thought of robbing her of the sum she was going to procure. He communicated this design to three accomplices, who were of course to share in the booty. Having all four disguised their dress, and blackened their faces, they proceeded to lay in wait for the girl, who disappointed of her lover's company had performed the journey alone and was now returning after succeeding in her mission. From one of those secret presentiments, which sometimes anticipate misfortune, she had the precaution to conceal all the money in her bonnet, except twelve livres. The robbers stopped her, and demanded the money which she had been to receive. She answered she got no more than twelve livres, which she offered to give them. On searching her, and finding no more than two six livre pieces in her pocket, they permitted her to continue her journey. Scarcely had she left them, when the lover recollecting himself pretended that he had not searched her sufficiently, and assured them that they had been deceived by her. The three accomplices took the direct road, while he himself taking a circuit, and washing his face in a brook on his way, pretended that he had come to meet her.

The moment she saw him, she thought herself in safety, and immediately told him what had happened, and the stratagem she had employed. This conversation took place near a fish pond. A shot was heard, and two sportsmen were seen a little distance in pursuit of a hare. Fearing that he should be disappointed of his prey, the wretch assassinated his mistress, cut off her head, which he suddenly wrapt up in his handkerchief, and throwing the body into the water took to flight. Thinking that the hare had been wounded, the sportsmen batted in the same direction; traces of blood led them to a thicket, behind which the murderer had concealed himself. His terror, and the appearance of the handkerchief, which was covered with blood induced them to think that he had seized the hare. They tore it from him, but what must have been their horror, in finding that it contained the bleeding head of a young female! They instantly apprehended the assassin and conducted him to the goal of Bordeaux.

State Road Lottery, No. III.

TICKETS registered and examined at No. 3 Peck-Slip.

A few Tickets yet for sale.

COURT of HYMEN.

HAIL, holy state! blest sweetener of life's joy!
Thy chaste delights can never, never cloy,
The greatest bliss that mortals e'er can know,
Whilst in this mortal state, to thee we owe;
Depriv'd of thee, life can no pleasure give,
To breathe without thee would not be to live.

MARRIED.

On Monday evening the 11th inst. at New-Brunswick, (N. J.) by the Rev. Mr. Condit, Mr. MOSES SMITH, to Miss MARIA HOSMER, both of that place.

On Tuesday the 12th inst. at New Lois, by the Rev. Mr. Woodhull, Miss RACHEL FURMAN, to Mr. SAMUEL HOFFMAN.

At Hempstead, by the Rev. Mr. Hart, Mr. ISAAC RAYNOR, to Miss CLARA SMITH, both of that place.

On Wednesday evening last week, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. GRANT THORNTON, merchant, to Miss HANNA WHORTENBY, both of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Ireland, Mr. JOHN VAN NOSTRAND, jun. to Miss ELIZA BIRN-SALL, of Brooklyn.

MORTALITY.

HOW populous, how vital, is the grave!

This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funeral, the sad cypress gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all, on earth is shadow; 'tis thine O Death!
To tread out empires, and to quench the stars.
The sun himself by thy permission shines,
And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.
'Tis immortality, 'tis that alone,
Awaits life's pains, abasements, empires
The foul can comfort, elevate, and fill.

DIED.

On Wednesday last week, after a lingering illness, in the forty-eighth year of her age, Mrs. FRANCES HEYER, wife of Walter Hoyer, of the Customs. By her death, her husband has lost a most kind and affectionate companion, and her children an attentive and endeared parent. Her relatives and friends have met with an irreparable loss; but, if from conduct here, they have any grounds to divine what will be a future state, they have every reason to hope that she has passed from this vale of tears to that asylum of rest, where every tear shall be wiped away.

THE LINES on Mr. JEFFERSON'S BENEFIT, came too late for insertion. To the author of the ELEGY, which embellishes this day's Museum, our thanks are due;—a continuance of favors from the same hand is solicited.

THEATRE.

Mr. JEFFERSON'S BENEFIT.

On Monday evening, will be presented, A COMEDY, in 3 acts, written by C. DIXON, and performed in London, with unbounded applause, called,

Five Thousand a Year.

End of the Play Mrs. Melmoth will recite

COLLINS'S ODE ON THE PASSIONS,
Fear, Anger, Despair, Hope, Revenge, Pity, Jealousy, Melancholy, Cheerfulness, and Joy

After which will be presented, the favorite Comedy of

The Lie of a Day.

To which will be added, a new PANTOMIME, called

The Witches of the Cave,

OR, HARLEQUIN IN THE MOON.

The whole to conclude with a Flying-Leap through

A BRILLIANT SUN OF FIREWORKS,

Made for the occasion by Mr. Martin.

WANTED

A YOUNG woman, who can be well recommended, to take care of young children.—Apply at no 3 Peck-Slip, May 23. 26.

COURT OF APOLLO.

[The following beautiful lines were written by the late LYNDON ARNOLD, Esq. of Providence, on the death of Mr. BENJAMIN MARSHALL, late Tyler of St. John's Lodge at that place, who fell dead at the door of the Lodge, immediately on the last Brother leaving the room.]

WITH age, with want, infirmity oppress,
Death laid to MARSHALL, "thou shalt shortly rest;
I see no reason for thy tarrying here,
But fear of me, and me 'tis vain to fears:
No wife remains with thee thy grief to share,
No tender infants to demand thy care;
Few are thy comforts, numerous are thy woes,
And few thy friends but what the Lodge compose;
Say with one blow shall I thy soul release,
And send it joyful to the realms of peace?"
The Sage reply'd, "These things O death are true—
One boon I ask, and then submit to you;
Those genuine friends, those brothers of my heart,
Whom kind affection prompted to impart
The means of living to my feeble age,
And still sustain me tottering on the stage;
This night, in social bro be hood convene,
My wish, O Death, would lead me to the scene,
There when the Lodge in harmony shall close,
And each one hither homeward to repose,
I'll wait thy coming, thy command obey,
And thro' thy regions meet eternal day."
'Twas Reason's claim, nor Death refus'd the grace,
But met him punctual at the time and place.

SONG.

LET him who, engag'd in pursuit after truth,
To cast his nights and his days,
In lead of the light-winged tingers of youth,
E'en clothe his bald head with bays:
A stranger to fear, nor acknowledging pain,
The hero, who joys in the foe,
Whole pleasures increase with the number of slain,
With laurel may circle his brow.
Such honor my breast neither envies nor knows;
For me then a chaplet entwined,
In prison sweet where the soft blushing rose
Shall meet the luxuriant vine
In shade shall the rosy of gay Fancy appear,
And Hope her fair progeny show,
While on visions so sweetly my spirits that cheer,
The bowl shall exultation bestow.
Can Science indeed teach us how to enjoy?
Then fill the first bumper to Science:
The cares of to-day it will help to destroy.
To-morrow to let at defiance.
The soldier may deal death and carnage around,
From the wild spreading bomb or the mine,
For me, O ye Gods! be mine enemies drown'd
In a flagon of generous wine.

REMARK.

WHO seeks to please all men each way,
And for himself offend;
He may begin his work to day,
But Heaven knows when he'll end.

ANECDOTE.

WHEN the celebrated Anthony, Earl of Shaftsbury, was on his travels in Italy, he one day wanted some vegetable for his dinner; but his hostess, trembling with horror at the heretical wish, told him it could not be procured on a fast-day. The Earl, more vehement, perhaps, on that very account, insisted upon having the prohibited dish. On this the landlady told him she could not venture to dress it without a dispensation from the parish priest. The Earl ordered her to get it at any rate, and the poor woman applied to the ghostly father, who, on being made acquainted with the country and quality of the guest, tacitly told her that the Signor might eat and be damned.

A SOLDIER who lately came over with Gen. Moore, was asked if he met with much hospitality in Holland? "Oh yes dear me," a great deal to much of it; I have been in the hospital almost all the time I was there."

[Lond. paper.]

MORALIST.

GRATITUDE.

GRATITUDE thou heavenly born principle, implanted in man by the Supreme Governor of the Universe, and cherished by the most exalted sentiment. The base born wretch who knows not this sentiment, his name ought to be blotted out from the tablets of our memory, and the veil of oblivion cast over his worthless character. Gratitude inspires the mind in the first place with sentiments of love for our Creator, for his goodness in forming us, and in the second place to our parents for their kindness and love in educating and preserving us. Where is the man that has received blessings from another, but generally is expanded in gratitude to his benefactor? Where is the person who has had his life preserved from the devouring jaws of death, by the hand of a friend, but it is dilated with fervent gratitude to his preserver.

Shakspeare Gallery,

NEAR THE THEATRE, NEW-YORK.

THIS Exhibition consists of a great number of elegant and celebrated PRINTS, executed by the first artists in Europe, illustrative of the most interesting scenes in SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMATIC WORKS.

Also a variety of colored prints, issued monthly in London, under the title of the GALLERY OF FASHION, representing the Ladies Fashionable Dresses.

The Shakspeare Gallery also contains among several other valuable Paintings, a capital whole length

PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON,

large as life, as taken by the celebrated STEWART.

The proprietor has been at great expence in getting up this exhibition; and the approbation with which he has been honored by Ladies and Gentlemen of distinguished taste, justifies him in recommending it to public patronage.

The price of admission is put so low as ONE SHILLING, to encourage a frequency of visits; and, as an inducement to such repetition, the EXTRA Prints and Paintings are so varied as to furnish a constant succession of novelty.

N.B. The Gallery is lighted every evening when fair weather.

March 21.

TO THE PUBLIC.

A Morning school for Young Ladies, between the hours of 6 and 8, will be opened on the 4th instant, at No. 10 Peck-Slip, where fourteen or fifteen may be taught the use of the Artificial Globes, in Geography and Astronomy, and the scientific principles of the English Language, and other sciences it required.

A DAY SCHOOL.

Is now opened at the same place, where Navigation with the Double Altitudes and Lunar Observations, Land Surveying by calculation and intersection, Mensuration of inaccessible heights and distances, Optics, Pneumatics, Mathematics, Arithmetic, Writing, Reading &c. will be taught so far as make application, and comply with the discipline of the school. For further particulars enquire at the above mentioned place, or at this office. May 2.

Academy.

THE public are respectfully informed, that the subscriber, who has received an Academical Education at Yale College, intends to open an ACADEMY for the instruction of Youth of both sexes, at No. 107 CHERRY STREET, corner of Oliver-Street, on Monday the 27th instant, where will be taught the following branches of Literature, viz. the English, Latin and Greek Languages grammatically, Art of speaking, Writing, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Geography, &c. And as he has been in the practice of teaching for upwards of fifteen years, and in the course of the year past has had the pleasure to serve a number of respectable inhabitants of this city, as he has every reason to believe to their full satisfaction, takes this opportunity to return them his most sincere thanks for their kind patronage and encouragement, in the line of his profession; and hopes in future to merit the approbation and support of a generous public, by his strict and careful attention to his Pupils, to cultivate and improve their morals, and forward them in their several branches of Education.

N. York, April 15, 1801.

JOHN WARNER.

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JAMES ALWAYS

Wishes to inform his customers, and the public in general, that he continues to carry on the WINDSOR CHAIR BUSINESS, at No. 40 James-Street, where may be had, Windsor Chairs of every description, both plain and fancy colors. He likewise informs the public, that he has good accommodations for drying old chairs, when re-painted, and he will take them from any part of the town, and return them in good order. He will paint them green or any fancy color, in the best manner, at a very low price. February 26.

3m 11

FOR THE USE OF THE FAIR SEX, The Genuine French Almond Paste,

Superior to any thing in the world for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chapped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy—this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

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